



The Spirit

John Hargrave

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I

¶ They came to me not with printed propaganda, not with theoretical diatribes, but with clear eye and wholesome body. Therefore I knew they bore a message from That Which Is and because of this The Kindred has my service.

By some clear indwelling illumination, kindled from the wordless world of sothfastness, the name by which they were made known gave sanctuary from the “isms” and the “osophies” of these latter days. It was not possible to speak of “Kibbo Kift-ism,” but only of *Kinship*, or of *The Kin*. Give thanks for this which is a bulwark against disembodied and wordy abstractions, plunging us back into the Great Stream of Life.

These, then, are The Strangers come amongst us, for whom I sang a song of lamentation long ago.

Some ancient thing embedded in the heart trembled when I caught sight of them, as if unspoken root-words from a forgotten tongue quickened race-memory.

I thought I saw grass freshen where they trod, flowers spring from earth’s rim and trees unfurl new foliage as the upper storeys of a town suddenly beflagged for a joyous welcome.

¶ In the wild places there was Something they did not wish to hear.

What was It?

I knew that the true thing was in the earth itself and was only to be found in response to the earth.

Place a slip of rowan-tree over the cowshed door, Mother—for the luck of The Kin. That has more help for us than listening to words at a meeting of the Rational Adult Educational Association.

The sound of the names of places holds the spirit of the living and that which is to be lies hidden in the old words. I heard them again on the lips of the Kin :

Hurst and bolt; thorp and thwaite; weald and ford; tor, garth and ley; tre, pol and pen.

England and the spirit of the people of England are in those sounds from the word-hoard of our tongue, back and back to the “kitchen-midden” dwellers and the forgotten speech of a Neolithic age, back and back.

I knew by the sign they made at Grime’s Dyke and Gallows Hill that they were properly seized of the Thing that is at the back of us, that breaks out, that no man understands.

I knew the Builders of the Square would join unconsciously with the past and spring out of the ancient ways.

I knew they would not pass by Long Barrow and Beacon Hill without a leaping of the heart, a shout of joy and the hand-sign of the free man. I knew they would not be found in the conference hall and the crowded meeting, nor in the lecture room and the interminable discussions of those who do not know.

I knew they would know without knowing how they knew.

I saw them unforgetful of the Past, facing always towards the Future, able to take hold of the moment of time which is for ever *now*.

I never heard one of them say, I am this, nor I am that, but only, I am a Kinsman.

I remembered the legendary history of the Unknown Man, among whose accomplishments was the art of whistling mice out of houses, who was clad like a countryman, of middle age, spoke several languages, but was very taciturn; on being questioned, however, he modestly confessed himself third in the Order of the Brethren.

¶ I saw The Kindred working in the world, often by two and by two. Always they avoided wasting time in useless disputations with dialecticians upon nice distinctions and hair-splitting arguments.

These men went about their work with careful skill, quietly, holding the knowledge in thew and sinew that he who moves out of time is the bedfellow of him who rests in the narrow house, under the tumulus.

I saw them silence incredulous cynicism because of the faith that was in them and the spirit that moved them.

At first I mistook them for Whitsuntide mummers come again, but then I saw they had a new Piffany play and feared not to play it.

Robin Hode blessed them with a great and joyful blessing by God and his oak staff.

¶ The quiet rain drops down from heaven on high, leaf-drenching. I shall not fall into any berserker rage, nor join the Furious Host riding neck-bent hell for leather, but, donning the cap of darkness, go out alone to look for the old ling-worm, that evil thing, to meet the Unknown Men who bear no mark outwardly, who laugh heartily saying no word, who go afoot cautiously in song betimes, to make ready for the end.

¶ Brew cowslip wine full strong, throw wild nep berries into the air and sing a good song to Those who know there is little need to answer a question because of the asking. The Sothfast Men hold back, they withhold a part of themselves, the soul-seat, from the too eager, the too anxious, the quick questioners. They know when to listen, when to stop the ears and when to close the word-door of the mouth.

There is a great loosening of tongues and a great to-do amongst men who should know better. They chatter together, ceaselessly, like old women who tongue-wag over a washbucket.

That is not a good thing. I look for the self-wise men of stern theawfastness.

¶ Does everything happen in London?

The Important Thing may yet happen in Lostwithiel, or Peper Harow, or Hinton-in-the-Hedges, to be merely reflected in London.

You think it is all Dunlop tyres and cheap radio sets? But no, the spirit of our people is not here, not here.

Apocryphal apocalypse, to be read between the lines, metaphorically:

With the coming of The Kindred I saw these things clearly and knew the meaning that was hidden. I knew that the End and the Beginning were at hand.

In Asgard the Norse gods let go a great shout that echoed in Midgard from Nordenskiöld to Thorshavn.

Wayland Smith awoke, put hand to bellows-shaft, took hammer to anvil and shod the White Horse.

Uther, Pendragon of Britain, father of Arthur, rode again by the river Eden and lit beacon fires on Pendle, Ingleborough and Penygant.

The dewpond under Chanctonbury Ring filled in the night brim full, and the tracks of the Old Flint Men that run across the Downs were plain to see in the morning.

Then I knew something had happened that had not happened since the last Beltane fire was kindled by *teineigin*. As when the birch-buds quicken I knew That had come to birth again and the blight would be driven out.

The Long Headed Men of the river-bed gravels reassembled themselves and let out a hunting cry: *Hika, we la ha! Hika, wa ho!*

From Silbury Hill, rising like the breast of giantess, came the lilt of a Bronze Age song.

The Long Man of Wilmington stood up out of the Wealden chalk and gave the Sign, and the wild thyme flowered out of season.

Out of the dene-holes of Essex and Kent came the grain-chant of ancient Harvest Men.

An old witch-wife ran into the low meadow, cut a bundle of willow sticks and bound them into a knitch. As The Kin passed by on the upper road she held it aloft and called, *Knitch-men, I make a knitch, by frithy dene and Grim's Ditch—hold and let go!*

The Great Right Hand wrote another verse in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle and the Book of Kells blossomed again in rubrication.

¶ And then, as if the crust of the earth should quake underfoot, all this fell away and a harvest of doubts sprang up, a sorcerer's garden of poisonous weeds that stifled the vision of the soul.

I stood close to these men and talked with them. They coughed and sneezed and ate and slept as other men. I heard cultured voices and uncouth dialects, here and there I felt a hint of small jealousies and, so it seemed, the sharp sting of unbrotherliness, and I questioned these things and found nothing here of any account.

Who are these little men who would reshape the world? They are even as I am, as all men—weak, of no great standing,

of like passions with myself, loving and hating and begetting and dying, in no wise different from the common run of humankind.

And I slunk away from them with a sneer in my heart because, now that they held out a hand to me and treated me as one of themselves, I saw clearly that they were just human beings like the rest of us. I was astonished and cast down at my own foolishness. All men are men, and I had deemed these to be in some way Godlike Men, men of a different clay, above and beyond the little hopes and fears of the multitude. Yet, when I was with them, some seemed to be too cocksure of themselves, while others openly admitted their ignorance, and all shrank to my own size, so that I despised them for their likeness with me and myself for having set them up as a cairn upon a high hill.

As before I had seen them as the Ark of the World, so now I saw them as foolish little men hoodwinking themselves with great ideas. And this rankled within. I went back to one of them and told him how nothing he and his fellows might do could avail, how they misled themselves, putting themselves above others when it was plain to all that they were men of no great ability, as frail as the rest of us and showing no better way of life. To which he answered with a smiling countenance and without anger, as if the words I spoke had been heard many times before: *What you say may be true-what do you wish me to do about it?*

I knew, then, that these men were no common men, that their clay was a finer clay than mine, that their mind was set in a

different mould, that their spirit burned with a brighter and steadier flame.

In some confusion I went away, knowing that I was not yet able to come up with them.

¶ I saw two things: the Immediate Moment and the Everlasting Flow.

The first appeared taking the form of a great shaft of light, dazzlingly bright, and at once it was hidden, encircled by a mighty ring of moving darkness full of things yet to be, unformed, dim, fecund, chaotic.

The way they had of it seemed to body forth forgotten forms and fey, a harking back to the unmindful dwoleman (darkness, chaos, dim-world) of the old gods, there to be emptied out, cleansed, and filled with living sap; and, thereafter, to bring again the dew-drink, the quickener, the life-giver, out of that restful shadowfastness, to the world of men.

Those who enter this deathsted may not take the load of day-thought with them, but letting go the tumult and the mind-fret of shattering spear-heads, float gently, body dwelling, upon the quiet flood of the unshapen, the unnamed.

Within the spirit of The Kindred shall arise power to act swiftly at the positive moment and power to let go, to go on, to renew, to reshape, to outlast, to go fallow, plough itself in, harrow, sow and break again into fresh bud year after year. It has a twofold life, the life of today, now, this moment, and the ever-changing stability of All Life. Through it flows that deep

creative conflict of breaking through and becoming, a tide that ebbs and flows, for ever making new things in its dark internals.

Because of this The Kindred will not go brittle, the head will not dry up the bowels and mercies of the heart, and this shall keep it from sudden cataleptic seizures. It will be able to brace the limbs for epic combat and by its powers of quiet inertia, of everlasting growth, know—without mental strivings—when the moment for the tension has come.

¶ The Kindred shall take boughs of blossom and sing, because the song of praise is with them.

By pic, axe, and bow, by crook, hoe, plough and net, The Kin shall make song; for these are the symbols of Folk and Work and Place upon which all civilization is built.

Because of the song in their hearts their bodies shall be hæl and whole, and their children shall bless them and go in Open Handedness to further the Great Work.

The dream of the Pyramid shall pass away, and they shall build the Invisible House that stands foursquare.

By the knotted quipu, by the notched tallystick, by the measuring rod, by numbers alone they shall master the Machine.

A Voice speaking to The Kindred:

Come up to the high places, to Moel Siabod, Yes Tor, High Pike and Coolin, for I will not speak to you in the filth of the towns.

Empty out the lungs of soot and smoke; take deep breath full torso; let sun in-gang his rays on flesh, look up, and stand upright.

Then let each Kinsman and woman and child say aloud: *I am the Upright Animal—I can!* for I will not endure any human creature that cringes before me. Nor any man that asks: Who is this voice that speaks? Nor any man that says: Why should we do these things?

Let that be the first preparation.

And The Kindred shall go down from the high places singing a great song, and their vessels shall flow with red blood, and their muscles ripple and flex with new life, and their nerves respond with a new joy, as they go down into the low valleys.

This shall be called the Purification of Flesh and Blood.

Their heads shall be at the top of their spines, their hearts in their bodies, and their souls in their fingertips.

At all times and in all places they shall hold in mind that the end does not justify the means, for the means form part of the end.

They shall rune by numbers, and by numbers they shall lay the foundations. They shall apply the law of numbers to the money-tokens and the Just Price shall be declared.

Not without hardship, not without overcoming, not without struggle.

Shall anger and hatred rise against them? Because they have placed the ciphers in their appointed order according to their value?

That every man may eat and be clothed and have a place for dwelling The Kindred shall stand upright and declare the numbers.

¶ Stand at the point of conflict, for there is the fountain of life. Where Form enters Chaos, where Good faces Evil, where Life contacts Death, where the Red Digger penetrates the Green Field, there is the point of conflict, there is the creative instant, there is the pivot of stability.

Define the point of conflict and give shape to shapelessness. A nation against a method of calculation! Pythagoras said, God created the world by numbers. The voice of The Kindred to the People of these islands, saying, By numbers you are enslaved in body, mind and spirit; overcome those who manipulate the false reckoning.

While others were talking amongst themselves, these were receiving the message direct through the five senses.

I saw a few moving here and there, unnoticed. I saw the forces of Shapelessness come up to swallow them. I saw them emerge from that Shapelessness marvelously tempered. I heard them say, *if there is bread, eat it—for numbers you cannot eat.*

I saw many puzzled by those rods and afterwards heard one, and then another, saying, *That is true—numbers we cannot eat.* I saw those who lived by the false reckoning tremble a little with an

unknown fear. Then, as one voice, the voice of a mighty people roused from spellbound sleep, I heard the words of the law springing out of the heart, *No man shall use the power of numbers against us! All things needful are given us for Food, for Warmth, and for Shelter. The numbering of these things is an holy office. If the numbers signifying the price cannot be paid, that is a false reckoning and a wicked thing. This day we take away that evil power.* And no man could stand against them. Nor was that the end, for nation upon nation took heart and stood upright out of the flux, declaring the Holy Number. Thereafter, that which was made by the invention and the labour of man was exchanged and used and that which was not required for use was not made. And the bodies of men were pure and filled with vitality, so that they shone like the god-heroes of old, delighting in their strength and healthfulness and striving to maintain the holiness of the flesh for the joy of life, since without that the mind is poisoned and the spirit defiled.

¶ This Kindred sets itself up above us, we will mock at it and strive against it. We will nod and wink as much as to say . . .

That will not overcome.

We will smile indulgently and pass by. Do so by all means, so that you get out of the way; and The Kindred shall make the Pennine Chain echo with full-chested laughter.

No. This is something you do not yet recognise.

¶ When a man is lost he should drop a stone that may be easily seen, or stick a twig in the ground against his last footmark, and cast about him in a circle to pick up the way. And so it is with Earthmen at a time of confusion in the world, that it may seem like a going back on the past in order to go forward.

However, it is useless to strike a true waymark further back and then sit down beside it. That is why the Sibb of the Kift are heedful and wary, looking somewhat askant at those who preach mediævalism or wish to make something that has passed into the past live again.

¶ To have good standards of judgement for each and every moment of the day without being aware of them, that is The Spirit in action.

A good people and a righteous nation cannot be fashioned from men sitting at a desk, serving in a shop, working the day through in a factory. The mechanical mutilation of modern war holds greater vitalizing power than this urban impotence.

Do not shout too much about being a “practical people,” because a practical people does not destroy itself in a soot and smoke and toil, engulfing its soul in a diarrhoea of idealistic talk while it debases the body in a fetid atmosphere.

London, Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield, Wigan, these and all the others, are by no means great towns and cities of which we may be proud. Their devastating ugliness and wearisome clutter are the outward forms of shapeless souls. It is

not necessity which gives modern industrialism its dismal cloak of grime and monotony—it is inability born of a soul-blight, of spiritless people, of people without common sense, who have lost the power to control their own lives. It is through the five common senses that the spirit of man operates, and if these senses are dimmed his spirit wanes.

The great industrial centres are full of filth, stench and noise, and when we have recovered our senses it will be necessary to unmake them and make them again.

Throughout our countryside barbed wire and corrugated iron are the symbols of a civilized barbarism, and in our towns and villages the bowler hat and trousers are the outward signs of a death-dealing rationalism.

¶ If they could produce a great tapestry, a wall-hanging worked with loving care and blazoned with the high hope of those who stand fast, but That which was in them has gone out of them and can never be rekindled in the hearts of men by moving the amendment to the amendment.

Listen, Ned Lud, I clasp your hand, you who they call a half-witted man who went about breaking stockingframes. You and your Luddite followers who led the forlorn attack against the Labour Saving Machine, and, at any rate, had clear enough sight to take a swipe at the thing that seemed to swallow your daily bread, were not quite such half-wits as they like to make out.

You hit the thing in front of your nose as hard as you could. Good for you!—but not for us. We go about to take the

Machine alive, to control its life's blood; a colourless blood and invisible, but most potent.

Hail to you, half-wit! because I think there must have been a song in your heart that gave elbow-power? And I think I know that song.

¶ A philosophy of Change is not enough. What change? This is a matter of religious faith, of the spirit, of the will. To say, "All things change," is to show that inner flux, that limpness of the spirit, which moves towards resignation and death. The philosophy of Change is the philosophy of the onlooker. He who attempts to stand away from life and watch goes to the gods—he may not live among men.

Without a pother of talking about them, selective standards must be set up, especially in the technique of love-making and breeding. "Oh, but we know so little about heredity," is a weak protest. We know by our own common sense that sound physical and mental qualities cannot be produced by breeding from inferior stock. That is enough to give us a lead.

¶ Something *civic* has gone awry when the round breast of the Woman and the squared torso of the Man lose the ir shapefulness, so that no one may be sure which is which.

Ah, yes, I have read it all, I have heard it all: the fusion of souls, the friendship-love, the Underlying Self, the All-self, the unit-man and the mass-man, soul-budding, the Intermediate Sex—all of it and what it means is understood without words

by those who know where to cut the wand that grows in the wood. It is a turning of the spirit-leaf from Right to Left the wrong way of the sun, from Life to Death, from White to Black, from Male to Female.

I saw the refined and restrained “intellectual” move left-handedly towards “a growing sense of union with the Central Self,” and the strength ran out of his vital parts; I saw the Night Club *habitué* moving in the same direction to the same goal—from “crude” sex to friendship-love, from friendship-love to sexual impotence, from sterility to non-birth, from non-birth to everlasting death, and so to the Nirvana of non-being.

Friendship-love between male and male, and between female and female, is suitable in the form of hero-worship for the youth not fully fledged, but if the grown-up world moves backwards towards a “protozoic” love ideal where there is less and less distinction of sex, it moves a-widder-shins to its decay and death.

To move at the right time into the deamflood as one who bathes in the Holy Well to be made whole is good; it is another thing when the pilgrim tries to dematerialise, to become the sacred pool itself, turning his blood into water.

Ah, yes, yes, yes, I have heard it all: the Supraliminal Self and the Subliminal Self—I know the jargon—“the all-pervading and divine consciousness,” the earth-life and the soul-bud, the Race-oversoul and the Race-self—it is not that these words and ideas are meaningless; it is that their power is known to those who can brew the cauldron of Kêd. It is the power of *Undoing*.

They wish for sleep who are tired out with the day's work; and they turn towards the Great Undersong, the Quiet Sleep of Death, who are already exhausted by the heroic struggle of life.

There are the frustrated souls who on earth find everything a pain, a longing, an agony, a problem, a suffering, a conflict, a betrayal and an heartbreaking pang of unfulfilled hope.

They bear a grudge against the gross terrestrial body—more especially against the *Lingam-in-Yoni*—and, shrinking in their spiritual “refinement” (always to be seen in auto- and homosexual types), seek to escape by the Intermediate Back Door.

Truly, there is a way out by that door and they must go out by it. Let them go.

But the men who carry the budding rod, who are entitled to enter the encircled mount, who can recite the inspired song of the Western Cudd, remain earthfast until, after their splendid labours—and who shall tell of the long toil of the just ones?—they are taken into the Dark Receptacle.

Praise God, Amen. I shall sing to these dragon-chiefs of the uneven number.

It is a pity when *he* and *she* cannot kiss for fear of a subconscious sex complex, so help us Cuhelyn, chaunter of Caw, and give us a deep drink of wine, mead and wort, fermented together, and let in the open breeze of the sky, for these people have forgotten all—rod, branch and wand—and have gone down into the quagmire of hell.

These people have lost their senses surely, surely—sight, taste, smell, touch, hearing.

Listen, listen, I hear parents talking about “jolly boy-and-girl friendship with no nonsense about—er—sex, or anything of that sort, and later on we shall hear these boys and girls as they grow up talking psychoanalytical claptrap, withheld as by some evil spell from any true and splendid animal passion, wanting each other, afraid of each other—the young men lifeless in spirit, unable to earn enough money to support a wife, and the young women rampant with sex-hunger, chattering of contraception and free love.

All right. Analyse, probe, write books about it; about the Unconscious, mixing the dream-world with the daylight world. Ah ha! The same foolishness—we shall get right by going wrong—where is my shilling text-book on how to tell a dark and passionate girl that her breasts are like—are like—are like—(er, well, you know what I mean)—without complicating my own Œdipus complex?

I am a damned fool, and so are you; for soon we shall have to be told how to walk across the room—yes, even this we cannot do well and manfully.

Those who cast the shooting sprigs, the reeds and the points and the shoots of trees, who trace the perfect convulsions at the mead-fest on a serene night amongst the stones, know the chief cause of this falling to pieces; it is in numbers, in notches, in the tallysticks that do not tally.

Up Merlin! We have need of you on *Dín Brëon* the sacred mount.

I do not forget the words of the Druidical initiation, “My revenge upon the shoal of earth-worms is their hopeless longing!”

Hail! I shout to waken the men who sleep in the Long Barrow. Come awake! Give us a hand! These fools cannot number their own gear and clobber, cannot keep their own laws, cannot worship their own gods, and have fallen foul of their own bodies.

The men are not sure they are men, and the women run after them!

¶ Unclean! Unclean! Stand away, O Kindred—the voice of the atonic, the devitalized.

The Twilight of the Sexes? They speak of “the union of true souls,” of “soul mates,” of “Platonic friendships” and “spiritual affinities.”

This also is the heresy of body contempt.

Neuter, the drone, the indeterminate sex, the gray fog. . . so refined that passionate potency has been reduced to holding hands.

Euph! The hand-patters, the strokers, the sleek kissers with sticky lips; the gentle, hairless men with high-pitched voices who “love each other,” and the simpering nymphomaniac women who would swallow up Priapus and still remain unsated.

Wot well that this is un-hæl and un-halgod, O Kindred, it is besmeared. Stand well away, say nothing, and keep the

waymarks of forthright men: Sinister to the left, Dexter to the right.

The vital polarity of the sexes may not be destroyed:



¶ Can it be a wrong thing to sing praise to the good looking girl, to the fair wench, the beauteous damsel?

The young men stand about, slouchingly, with no eye for the proud maiden with the curved lips, the arched brows and the lily-white breasts.

They do not break into the virgin's bower to make love with a good grace as men well-tried for beauty's sake.

In Freudian dreams forlorn they examine themselves.

To the Young Bucks I sing, lusty but unlustful.

Is she like the willow stem that leans aslant the water's edge, gracefully, so gracefully?

Yes, she is like the willow stem, and she is like the twilit dawn, and she is like the shadowed pool that dimples in delight.

Then take her, and kiss her, and say no more about it, for green go the ways where the earth-heros tread.

III

¶ Because we have become soft and flabby in spirit I knew the Sibb, called of the Kibbo Kift, would demand and call forth some act of endurance from those who said so eagerly, Yes, yes, we are with you!

The master words of their discipline were, “I must,” and not, “You should.”

They imposed the little things and the trivial details upon those who were too proud to attend to such commonplace duties, and they laid the seemingly more weighty obligations upon those who shrank from responsibility.

You think the Hammer of Tor is lost and the Sword Gram put away? Yet some know the hill wherein Beowulf was buried and the runes that were on his belt.

¶ “I cannot believe this—I cannot believe that . . .” Believe nothing, then, but at any rate stand up, pull your shoulders back and hold your tongue.

I looked upon these people with ingrowing souls and found that the sun did not reach them, and I heard the old forest gods, rain gods, earth gods and the gods of smithying and the crafts laughing at them.

“Every man a god unto himself!” was the cry, but no man was himself.

A man is not a man until he is made into a man by threaping and thole-mod, by dooming and behest, by watching and doing, by bidding and bode; and this must be done while he is young by one who is himself well tried and steadfast.

I saw The Kin taking care to instruct and enter each newcomer with proper tests and trials. It was not enough to say, "I am a man and therefore I claim the right of Kinship"; it was not enough to say, "I believe this or that and therefore I am equal with you in Kinship." For a man may be a poor sort of creature, blown out with the wind of pride or debased by a crawling humility; he may hold this or that belief but give no active proof of stability in the faith.

These unmade men are not men, they are wet clay yet unformed and unfired. From them comes nothing but petty grumblings and unwise words, for they are not made and do not know. They will not dree the wyrd, being spiritless in their discontent and unable of lack of training to take hold and to do anything that needs craft and foresight and forthrightness; they can undo, but they cannot do. And this is because they are admitted to a false position of equality in man-wyrth by right of standing upon two legs.

No man can claim individualised personality if he has neither been trained nor will train himself in exercises whereby his soul is tempered; for a man's spirit has to be fired, constrained and directed before he is a particular man differentiated from Man in the abstract. Nor is it enough merely to give freedom and opportunity for such individualisation; he must stand forth willingly and go through certain definite forms of noviceship under instruction. And if he will not do this he remains unformed and is both a danger to himself and a weakness to the race.

Obedience, willingly accepted, is the king-pin of The Kindred in action. There is no force save the force of

unfaltering determination set in absolute faith. And that faith is this: that Man can free himself from his own foolishness and live.

It is time to say *No!* and to stand still. The time is at hand to say *I can!* and to take hold.

¶ Green go the ways of old earth-heroes, green go the ways towards Sigurd's grave-mound.

There is a high wrong yet to right, and green go the ways of the threat of Werewolves.

Mine it is to stack the wapentak, for these forthgang to fight with their hands, nakedly, and, even so, none shall see them, because these are they that dipped themselves in the death-wyrda stream and are marked with the rimstaf of the *Futhork* characters that none may rune in these days.

Say it plainly, say it plainly, that all may understand. I mark the way for those who know what is wrong and how to put it right. They are only a few and they will do their work without much fuss, in all likelihood you will not notice them until it is almost done.

We do not understand.

The simpler it is said the more difficult to grasp. I shall take up the old song that means so little, that tells us much:

Green go the ways of old earth-heroes, green go the ways towards Hollow Land.

IV

¶ That which is Right and that which is Wrong are known to every man in his own heart, and if his sensory appreciation is vivid and vital his logic will be sound and his spirit true.

A black thing said: Let us escape from the prison-house of the flesh. But a voice spoke out of The Kindred, saying: No. That may not be. For you yourselves have made the flesh a charnel-house and have defiled the Temple. The flesh has become a burden to you because you have willfully neglected it. You shall not be sound of mind nor clean in spirit till your flesh is made whole.

Arise, stretch the limbs, and denounce the Heresy of Body Contempt.

Virtue and holiness are not to be attained by the crucifixion of the body, says The Kin.

Ascetic negativism, preaching the vileness of the world and of the flesh, shall face, not a dogma, not a creed, not a written authority, but the positive flesh and blood vitality of each individual Kinsman.

Wes bæll!—Be thou whole!—is the imperative healing command of The Kindred. Uphold and maintain the Good Animal is the first great spiritual dictum, for the Body is of the highest importance.

I heard them psalming the soul to its eternal glory while the very breath of the body was corrupt. That was blasphemy.

How shall I worship the stars if my sight is dim, and how shall I glorify the green earth if my feet cannot support me?

They turned away from the sun, hid themselves in the shadow and asked for spiritual light. Because the body could not receive the sacred stream of metal flowing from the sun, the anæmic spirit was starved. Did they know it? They did not know it. Did they feel it? They felt it, but they de-coded the message of the body and “corrected” it by a false key.

Beware the yearning—“the spiritual worship of the soul, yearning out of the clay tenement after the infinitely holy and the infinitely beautiful.”* The clay tenement of body contempt and the morbid yearning. No action here. Empty chaos. Infinity can be neither “holy” or “beautiful.” It is Infinity—nothing less. Out of Infinity the finite must integrate in holiness (wholeness) and beauty for action.

Always I heard the same question: What shall we do to be saved? Always I heard the same answer: Do what you like. And always, those who did as they liked came to dislike what they did.

And because of the exaltation of this or that ethical code based upon body contempt, a man might keep strictly all the written and traditional laws, never commit any of the scheduled sins, and yet walk about the earth a physical blasphemy against God.

Not so much then, “If a man does right”—but rather “If a man is right”; for if a man is right he will do righteously.

* Carlyle.

Whereas no man who is in poor condition, not in good fettle, physically atonic, unsound in sensory appreciation can do that which is righteous even though he keep the moral code.

Religion may not be reduced to ethics.

To be falling to pieces physically is to do wrong.

The Green Tree bursting into budding resurrection throbs with life. Stand away from it, crawl away, hide, back to the streets—it will kill you! That which is vital slays the devitalised. Even the vivid green of its leafage is too vivid for you to look upon. It is terrible with life. Your blood does not give counterpoise in scarlet contrast.

A man may work with might and main for the betterment of humanity all the days of his life, sacrificing himself and doing good works, and yet make things worse than before. And this is because he acts rigidly by certain fixed principles in the abstract instead of by the necessity of the moment which he might sense *instantly* if he were “in his right senses.” The more scholar’d the type the less accurate his own direct sensations appear to be. Thus, however right he may be in logical analysis, in action he will be wrong nine times out of ten.

¶ No peace, no peace, where every man goes about to the undoing of his fellow men.

That we know, that is revealed, that is plain. Is the heart of man filled with red anger and the filth of an inward putrefaction? No, that is not true.

Not the heart. The mind—a mental miscalculation.

That which defeats is an error in counting.

Numbers? Yes, numbers.

1, 2, 3,—I don't understand, I don't understand, I don't understand.

Let the dark night sweep down, every star held in its exactitude. Exactitude.

Heaven and Earth in place. Every atom in place.

Its atomic weight weighed in its exactitude.

Relative, ah, relative; but exact in its relativity.

Speak plainly that all may understand. Plainly? Plainly? Shall I say—God? You will not accept the Word. It is too simple.

What is plain to the heart is nonsense to the mind.

We have turned away from that which is Whole, that which is Good, that which is Living, because of a physical enslavement that we know not of: in order to live we are constrained to obey the laws of death, wherein every man's hand is against his neighbor and himself.

Ah, religion. . . we have had enough. Religion? You have none at all.

If the body decay shall the Spirit soar? That is the teaching of Hell.

The "survival of the fittest"? Only maggots can live in filth. A false doctrine, a twisted word, a misunderstanding. The fittest? The fittest? The fittest for what? For what?

In the wake of Man, wheresoever he goes upon the earth, litter, war, famine, disease, devastation, and the squalor of disordered life. In our hearts we know we have defiled the earth whereon we dwell, that our civilization is a dislocation, a chaos that must end in ruin.

Deny it by logic, by reason, by argument—nothing avails. The blight of disillusionment is in your heart. Without proof you know it.

No man may turn aside from Life and live.

A Universal Church has arisen, an Invisible Church not made by the hands of men, wherein the miscalculation is corrected. It is founded upon the Three Great Physical Needs of the Spiritual Body—Food, Warmth, Shelter. And Because of this foundation it overcomes every church dedicated to the age-long illusion of Spirit *versus* Matter.

Bread that is an holy thing; Fire that is an holy thing; the Dwelling that is an holy place.

Streaming from the stars through everlasting Space, welching out of the Earth itself, flowing through the green life of the planet, breaking into the heart of Man—a Voice:

Life is in the seed, and the ear ripens in the sun; make Bread and eat. The spark is there, wheresoever you strike it; kindle the spark and light Fire. Stick, stone and clay are there for building; take them, build a Dwelling-place and live in peace. Of these things there is an abundance, why then have you created a Slum upon the Earth?

Again the Voice speaks:

Number each thing with its holy number—Bread, Fire, and Dwelling-place—according to the calculation of the getting of it, and exchange these things as need be. But if you fall into the foolishness of exchanging numbers for numbers, thereby falsifying the values—calling 1, 2, and 2, 4, and 3, 6—then calamity must come upon you; the maker of Bread shall neither make nor eat it; the kindler of Fire shall let the spark die for want of fuel; and the builder of the Dwelling-place shall be in need of stick and stone for the building. And because of this futility, man shall rise against man, sex against sex, class against class, race against race, nation against nation, and no man shall know what it is that drives him to the slaughter. Yet of those things needful to making upon the earth have I brought forth abundance and super-abundance.

And because the Church of the Holy Body of Man calls upon all men to deal justly one with another in the exchange of the Essentials of Life by Numbers, and to turn away from the emptiness of buying and selling numbers—for numbers are ciphers, marks, notches, in a tallystick that can neither feed, clothe, nor shelter anyone—it is rooted in the reality of the physical world, releasing humanity from its Great Numerical Sin towards the reality of spiritual life in direct interplay with material things, without which the spirit must leave the body in misery, pestilence, starvation and death.

An Economic Gospel with the Flame of a Sword! A Church based upon the Ancient Tradition. First the Body, then the Mind, and finally the Spirit.

Its shaft of blazing light, rushing straight to the core of the human struggle on earth, confounds the politics of every party,

consumes the inertia of every creed, confutes the doctrine of helplessness and proclaims individual integration in unison with the forces of Life.

¶ Was it a tent against pricks and mortar, a little tent?

Laughter and red blood against the symbols £ s. d.?

A woodman's hood against a bowler hat?

An ash staff against an umbrella?

A Voice gave tounge to something that every man held in his heart, word-lacking:

Get out of the towns. You have become slack in spirit, your mind is confused and your body is not in good fettle.

The Voice:

These I bring to invoke the spirit of the Flint Men of the Chalk by Wealden clay, by oak and ash, by Jack-in-the-Green that went naked in the dance but for leafage and green boughs.

First the Few and by their power the Many.

The dynamo humming in symmetric beauty, that is a thing of joy and wonder. It does the work no man can, and yet I see all men enslaved by numbers, bewildered by runespell and dark words.

¶ I saw them trying to arrive at a Religious Basis by Sub-Committee, and the gods were taken with mirth and laughed aloud in their own place, for the gods have no restraint; but

God remained unmoved on high and put forth a forefinger that quickened the wild cherry standing rod-straight and up-slanting in Cowshott Frith, by Dodman's End.

That was a lovely thing to do and a great answer. So let the Woden-song lou-lou like the trickle of a runlet that murmurs moss-bedded in the deep woods.

They look for a Norm, a Cosmic Compromise, they seek to create a Great Average God out of a dictionary by means of a typewriter and a linotype machine—a god built of words, a typographical abstract, a phonetic diety.

But I sing of the Old Thing that no man knows, that breaks out, that escapes the word, that moves in the blood.

¶ There was much talk on this side and on that, some declaring the Indwelling God and others the External God. It made no great difference. Those who looked up and those who looked within were just as ignorant as to what to do now, here, on this earth, as those who did not look at all. I knew then what was the matter.

Oh, the talk, the talk about God—about Love and Truth and Beauty—how disgusting, how cloying, how fetid it is; and not a man to use a saw, or swing an axe, or trim a stone, or wheel a barrow, or dig a foundation, or drive a nail for the love of God.

“God” on their lips, emptiness in their hearts, clumsiness in their hands and word-noises in their heads.

Can it be that The Spirit, that Religion, is concerned firstly with Food and Warmth and Shelter? Can it be? I looked about

for the church which sang a psalm to the Good Body. I looked in vain for the church which dared to withhold itself from those who manipulated the Unjust Price. I found priests who were no priests, having lost the meaning of the ritual.

The end of these churches is at hand.

The Group Mind, the Folk Soul, the Man Soul, the Over Soul, the Race Ego, these were all words and words and words. God with us, God in us, God in Man—a confusion of words dear to those who went looking for god, probing themselves to find God.

Let us lump the spirits of all men together and call the result the Man Soul. Why do we not lump the life of each tree together and call it the Tree Soul? No, no, that is primitive, pagan, heathen, crude.

None of this quasi-scientific God-making avails. Man Soul or No Soul—what of it?

It gives us neither Food, nor Fire, nor Shelter; it gives us no upthronging joy in life; it gives us neither focus, nor form, nor certain duty.

Have done with all this talk of Man Souls and Group Minds, and do not pronounce the word “God” so easily.

Attend to the work on hand and let in the healing of the earth.

The Great Spiritual Struggle of our day is the release of Essential Supplies from invisible bondage.

Of old the seer pronounced the spiritual elements: *Earth, Air, Fire, Water*, and it is by these things that man, and the spirit of man, exist.

Therefore, when The Kindred proclaims Food, Warmth, and Shelter as the spiritual elements and declares Economic Values to be sacred, it maintains the ancient tradition and is truly and scientifically catholic; for here is the foundation of all life.

It is with the Spirit of Man (of the individual) here on Earth that The Kindred has to deal, asking no unanswerable questions and giving no impossible answers.

V

¶ They called themselves Frithmen, or Men of Peace, and some called them the *Daoine síthe*, which also has the same meaning, but commonly The Kindred.

I did not hear the word “Peace” so much, but an older and a better word; a word we should do well to bring again to the tongue. They spoke of *Girth* and *Guth* (Peace and War). Peace and security arising out of the association of time and place and person; that is Girth by the old English Laww that we had from Scandinavian origin. It is not the Peace of the peace-mongers, the idealists and the talkers, but the Girth of common sense.

In the wholesale killing of men by men there is no good authority nor great sense, no matter who is in the right nor who the wrong nor who gives the first blow.

The spirit of The Kindred is universal (catholic) and cannot be contained and confined within the modern concept of “the State.” It can operate in any region, springing out of the soil of the traditional past in very locality, but it cannot be withheld by flags or frontiers.

Men of Sigurd’s blood, Sigurd Fafnir’s-bane, had knowledge of The World Tree, the Great Ash, Askr Iggdrasil, and for us the World Tree is better conferences and talk.

The man Askr and the woman Embla work with us yet by ash and elm, and we know them.

We do not forget Brynhild’s wise words to Sigurd, *Let not thy mind be overmuch crossed by unwise men at thronged meetings of folk.*

The Girth of Midgard, that is the Peace of the World, will not be by the word-makers but by the good doers. And what is to do is not a great deal of talking together, but, unbewildered and unspoilt, to remember the word-runes, help-runes, bough-runes for wound-healing, book-runes, ale-runes, and the runes for protection against the spelling of numbers backwards. With these only a man may go forth right-handedly to stand by his fellows as best he may, and especially to make ready himself and his gear for the last struggle against the bane of Weregild; for there has been a wrongdoing that must be set right and an evildoing that must be ended, and this will take more than words.

Numbers for numbers will not endure. If there is a bread and we go hungry we are the fools, and if there is no bread we will set to, make it and eat it.

Earth-girth wells in the heart of each man, but our hearts are not in their right place because our bodies are enfeebled and our minds are clogged with the sounds of words. Even so, we know inwardly, each one, that men sitting at a table with pens and ink cannot give Earth-girth to man; and if we do not know this we are bemused all ways and there is no help.

As to whether a man will or will not fight, that depends upon the happenings of the moment and his own good sense; fight or no fight, he would know, if he were not put out in his five senses, that War is a foolishness and that the root of the matter remains unchanged.

As for The Kindred, they stand for Earth-girth against War, as will Every Man Jack when he sees what it is that sets the slaughter going.

A “war to end war” there cannot be. That is word-spinning by rune-spell, making a fine sound about nothing. Each war that breaks out makes ready for the next.

Do not imagine that, because of the horror of it, man will draw back from the Next War. That is nonsense. No “good-will,” no hope of brotherhood, no singing of petitions, no preaching or teaching can stay the drift.

The spirit of The Kindred must join with and enkindle the spirit of our people—of all peoples—and point steadfastly towards the error in the notching of the tallsticks.

Stand forth Berserkers, bear-sarks of old, bear-shirts invulnerable to fire and iron, wild champions of Norse saying.

The British are a slow-moving folk, but never gulled for long before they take heed and put things in some sort of order. In this they have never stopped short for any squeamishness as to legality, but taking the law into their own hands in times of crisis, have made a law unto themselves—even to the point of regicide—amending what was wrong by all means in their power.

Once again they will bestir themselves to put an end to the cause of War, for modern war has become an intolerable nuisance as well as a damnable murdering, as everyone knows in his heart, whatever the words on his lips. Herein The Kindred is in the tradition of the people and will not be mistaken for cranky faddists (although there are those who wish to give a dog a bad name and hang it), for the hearts of The Kin beat in time with the Anglo-Saxon spirit.

Come, let us acknowledge what we know to be the truth and regain our place in Middan-geard that is the Midgard of old.

All human creatures are a-kin in these things: that they stand upright; need food and drink and a place for sheltering; beget their kind in a like manner and, at the last, die and return into the earth.

On this physical basis, which is also the Holy Foundation, are they sibb'd a-kin, and this is the Body of Mankind.

There is no escape from this kinship, for that man does not exist who can put aside this common lot and, standing apart from earthmen, proclaim: I am not of your clay.

Herein is the foundation of the Race of Man as one essential unity.

In these things every man on this earth is the Primeval Prototype "Man," most truly a son of Adam and Eve, of Askr and Embla.

Upon that, which is indeed truth, is founded the great democratic fallacy; that because of this brotherhood of the common lot all men are of the same value and should be valued equally.

There is no truth in this. A crooked tree is not as good as a straight tree. The good forester must give first place to the clean-limbed saplings.

The most vital types will dominate if no man is in dire need, but when all men are insecure, malignant types dominate by reason of their bullyragging and bluster and their clumsiness is mistaken for strength and vitality.

¶ Within our shores we have racial variations as wide as humanity itself, and because of this, maybe, it is here in these islands that The Kindred takes shape in the first place, for here it finds a dumb but steady faith in world unification as a real thing and not merely the wan gleam of the hearts hope.

Who shall disentangle the blood streams of the British? What of the Men of the Leaf-shaped Sword, of the broadheaded Beaker Folk who burnt their dead and painted their pottery, of the Pile Dwellers, of the Nordic steppe-folk with their dash of Asiatic blood? What of the Neolithic

Prospectors of the dolmen stream—have we nothing from all these? And the Piltdown Man and the Galley Hill Man—nothing from them? And the earliest tillers in England, the Men of the Valley Village and the three-field system?

I see the downland terraces of the one-field tillings and the vestiges of prehistoric roads on Dartmoor, and something stirs within that will not stir for all the flag-waving and Mafficking of upstart “patriots” in bowler hats. No. There is a deep, unsayable patriotism of the Man, and the Place, and the Work he has done there.

The Romans did this, that and the other, yet the English tradition and feeling is not Roman. It goes back and back to something more vital. It goes back to the old waymarks, hut circles, and kistvaens of the Moor Men; back to the standing stones, along the ancient trackways by single-slab clapper bridges, past tinnners’ streamings, menhir, tor and cromlech.

Here is the spirit of the English, and the *S.P.Q.R.* of the legions rouses no response.

There is something hidden in the kistvaen, something buried in the tumulus that is with us yet, and it is from here—from Grimspound and the stag’s horn moss under the whortleberry bushes—that is the Thing That Is With Us resurrects.

The Romans set up an alter to “The God of the Place,” and that is a good god and a nameless one, for it is the spirit of the place.

The spirit of these islands—called by the early Norsemen “West-over-the-sea”—is no more to be symbolized by a potbellied John Bull than it is by a Crooked Cocatrice.

A wondrous great smithying, and deftly done, has welded our people from many a nomad horde. By the marks and totems of the North Creek Men, by the neb of the Night Owl, by Raven, Otter, Wolf, Eagle, Bear—(and not by any slather-jowled Bulldog)—do we sib and gee one with another.

It is from here The Kindred begins that earnest, resolute and disciplined co-operation that with the world through the several human agencies that control, direct and influence the lives of men, which, because it works through flesh and blood, shall forge the Girth of Midgard for Mankind.

Because of this they do not call themselves “British Kindred,” but rather, The Kindred dwelling in these islands.

Not in a drab fog of “internationalism,” not in any idealistic vision of “the brotherhood of man” shall we find health and life.

It is by being themselves and not by being alike that the nations and races of men will forge the bonds of the Girth of Midgard. It is not because men are different one from another that they fall to quarrelling amongst themselves, nor even because they speak different tongues. From their unlikeness springs a bond of kinship.

We must stand for the safeguarding of World Supplies on the one hand and the making of individual personality (integrity) on the other.

The Kindred manifests itself as a great patriotic movement for Peace in every country where it operates.

It disentangles the individual from theories of State and brings every problem of human life back to the relation between: *This Particular Man and his Fellow Men throughout the World.*

This attitude acts as once as a cleansing and a purifying. It evaporates Jingoism, restores the Spirit of the Place (regional patriotism), kindles individual personality and gives flesh-and-blood reality to the Company of Man.

Let the British be more British than they are, and let each nation and race come to itself as an unique unit. And let the man within the group come to himself and stand upright before Man and God.

Yet this cannot be while the tallysticks will not tally.

The old British spirit withers at the touch of the moneychangers. Break away, break free, come together!

VI

¶ Those who inwardly belong to us should heed the awakening cry and should not stand away because of any small matter.

Let one look into the eye of the other, that will be password enough. Thereafter, the testing and the trying.

¶ Ah, no, it is not all a matter of Food, Fire, and Dwelling, for there is yet the ghost of the man himself. True it is that the world outside his body-house sets about him like a penfold, warping the mind and thwarting the soul. But also the man's spirit, for want of sound body-timber, is misshapen and will need some help.

And this will best be found alone and in that Fellowship where, first of all, the mind is emptied away (for it is full of the pig-swill and the husks of thought) and the limbs filled with music.

But, nowadays, since we have no Blessed Company of the Table Round, nor any other body of men freely bound to the apprenticeship of life's mystery, those few who can take the strain must forgather on their own account to see what may be done, led by the Old Thing that moves in the blood.

Book and much learning have done us great scath, for although knowledge is power it is nothing else. And we know now—is there a man so hardly as to gainsay it?—that power alone is not enough. This wisdom we might have had long since but for the spell of a thing called Pure Reason which enchanted us, and which in the end led us to waste our life's days in toil and then pour out the blood of millions in Flanders fields.

Know this—by paradox, if you can but follow out the meaning—that if Pure Reason is applied in theory, unfalteringly it leads to Pure Nonsense in action.

It is known to all whose spirit is quick (but how few they are) that Reason is on the right, is male, is positive, is the lance,

the upright, and that Unreason is on the left, is female, is elemental, is negative, is the cup.

Creation works from left to right, from that which is without form and void to that which has form.

Therefore, I sing the senseless song that moves upon the face of the waters. It is the cradle song of the Unborn Thing, as senseless, as mighty, as the old nurse's croon:

“Rock-a-bye, baby, on the tree-top”

¶ How to make the flowing song with primrose chains and the feathered green of young larches, to catch the crool from the rounded roundelay, falling, falling, of a nightingale that flutes no more in the elderberry thicket.

A shattering voice breaks upon the swinsung-dream:

“Oh, they won't like all these queer words.” Like? Like? I know love and hate, but to just like and dislike—that is timid and tepid. Will it matter very much if they dislike, whoever they are? So this is the fear of the Old Thing. They will dislike the plain, straight, clear-sounding words of their own tongue? Just as they dislike flesh and blood and bone? And for the same reason.

I know how they feel. I have felt it myself. It was a poor, weak feeling.

VII

¶ Oh, they were so sensitive, so refined, so spiritualized, so soulful. They complained of the “harshness” of the words *Kibbo Kift*.

Intuitional warning misunderstood. The undeveloped grub on a stone upturned, suddenly facing the light of day, must need sense the rays of the sun as a sinister force.

They felt something sinister in the *k*-sound.

The *k*-sound is an active “opener”—a *Key*. What was the fear—lest the heart be opened? They complained of harshness, but they did not find the shapelessness within themselves.

I heard the sounds *Kibbo Kift* shaped by the tongue, and immediately their spiritual equivalent echoed in the heart—“Open-Shut.”

Trace out the characters K, O, and T in the primitive alphabets. The Hittite and Cypriote give us the symbols:*



The slightly devitalized, shocked by the stark and splendid vitality of physical well-being react to the vibration *k*, sounding sharply on the side of the Positive Living Thing.

* Here we have the signs, *Key* (compare with the cuneiform emblem “ik,” to open); *heaven* (Akkadian *u*), similar characters appear in many North American Indian pictographs for “sky”; and *touch* or *take hold* (the Strong Right Arm, or Hand).

Keen, keep, ken, kin, kind, kindle, king, kiss—all vital words. In them the *k*-sound is a sinister reminder to the atonic of having let go the material world.

Pronounce the positive sound, the Creative Word. Look for psychophysical indications of disharmony in those who react against it.

¶ Crude—crude! They said the colour was crude. *Red, yellow, blue* in pure primary pigment—*orange, green, violet*.

They said it was crude (the word “crude” has a *k*-sound in it).

Use all the three primaries and the three secondaries in their full values, and let the atonic crawl away blinded.

The vital man uses vital colour—red, yellow, blue—and gold. Heraldic, primitive, full-blooded, vigorous. Let them crawl away to their “toneful” half-shades.

It is not refined to be less alive.

¶ Know this by the law of paradox: a sense of humour is most fruitfully developed by deciding never to have one. Above all, O Kinsmen, do not cultivate a sense of humour, because when it is cultivated it becomes a little private culture-bed, fetid and stagnant, full of crawling hypocrisy in which a man may hide his soul for fear of showing that he has one.

Deal with every occasion in deadly earnest, with effortless technique, giving full attention to every question as it arises—

and ever and again (but not often) full-hearted laughter shall break out from within, such laughter as only the gods give forth, the terrible, the overwhelming laughter that in silence floods the silence, or rolls like echoing thunder from the lungs, drowning out the nervous giggle of an age that fears to deal with life seriously.

And always laugh with the man who laughs at you, because then he feels that you are laughing at yourself and is at ease again.

If it were possible to accumulate the laughter of mankind at any given moment we should find that the greater part of it was a mask masking a tremor, a fear, a self-consciousness, a lack of composure, a flaw in the soul; and only the gaps of heaving, rollicking silence and the tumbling, tumultuous gusts of splendid noise would register—just laughter.

What has laughter to do with a sense of humour? This is important to the work of *The Kindred: the Modern State*, the *All-in Commercial Slavery*, fears laughter as it might fear the *Sword Gram*, but insists that everyone should cultivate a sense of humour. Why is that?

Because laughter is in itself a reality, as real as a granite crag, or a splash of sunlight, and cannot be turned to account; whereas a sense of humour may be, and is, very usefully employed as a means whereby a man may be turned aside from what he knows is right by the suggestion that he is eccentric or pedantic and “has no sense of humour.”

How the gods must rock with laughter and the heroes shout for joy as they watch the shoal of earthworms developing a

sense of humour for fear any one of them might laugh outright in the wrong place and so blow the gaff on the magnificent and dramatic muddle that they are all schooled to believe is Progressive Enlightenment!

Observe all the rules of the game and appear to have a sense of humour, because it is uncouth as well as troublesome not to do so. But keep laughter buried deeply within the body that it may break loose on the high place at the right time.

Those who cultivate a sense of humour are barren of laughter and may not stand with the Cheerful Ones of the Ark of the World until the dooming.

¶ I listened, while the blight settled upon me, to a man who wished to “educate the Workers to appreciate art.”

To appreciate art—to appreciate art—to appreciate art—

To cultivate a sense of humour and to learn to appreciate art.

This is a very dreadful thing that has happened to us. This is the final divorce of man from himself—the decree *nisi*.

To appreciate good pictures—good music. That is the same blight, the blight of the onlooker. And, once again, it is the voice of the Slave State.

“The Workers have so little colour in their lives,” he bleated.

If they want colour *give* them colour—in their lives. Strip off their degrading trousers and give them slash scarlet and cloth of gold and heavenly blue, star emblazoned! Chuck their nasty

cloth caps and bowler hats in the dust-bin and give them the feathered cap and the parti-coloured hood.

But just standing staring at pictures in the Tate Gallery. . . .

Kindred of the Mark, keep clear of this mean-spirited suburban socialism and treat the Workers as you would treat anyone else, as people who ought to want colour and shape and movement in their lives, but who will certainly resist if you try to give it to them.

You will not get this righted by taking Working Men's Clubs to the National Gallery. It is not Turner's secondhand sunset in paint they need—but the sunset itself.

The sunset itself—like laughter—is a reality and is a positive threat to the Modern Commercialised State; whereas “a real appreciation of art” can be used to turn body-hunger away from the real thing towards some arrangement of paint on a stretched canvas.

Those who have learnt to appreciate art must be left behind. The man who says “I don't give a —— about art,” is a more honest soul and by the saying of it proves himself nearer akin to the operative artist.

¶ A word to The Kindred, that may not be taken amiss nor hitched to any foolishness: The Ranters, The Muggletonians, the Peculiar People, the Brethren of God, the Chosen Seed—avoid their emotional excesses and their democratised god-concepts, but lay hold on their zeal and their energy, tempering

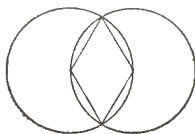
the surging upright of the spirit with the quiet min deep
socketed in a soul made steadfast in the world of men.

It has been said that the Church of England “has never known how to deal with a man of genius.” The Kindred, like the Church of Rome, must not fear fanaticism; it must learn to open and shut, to hold and let go, so that every man may find his own place in the Art of the World.

VIII

¶ Who are these disclaiming “occult powers” but seemingly able to operate certain forces as a blade of green grass operates those same forces in unconscious constructive metabolism?

I know the esoteric symbol of The Kindred; it is traced thus:



It is the Great Geometrical Figure, the Fundamental Secret of the Ancient Sciences applied in building the temple. It is the threefold Essence of Life of the ancients, the “starry conjunction” of the astrologers. In Early Christian Art it is the Mystical Sign of the Virgin and the Wound in the side of the Christ.

I saw The Kin accept, absorb, and, by its own anabolic powers, use up “spiritual nagging” from those who dabbled in

this or that occultism and who professed themselves initiates in this or that degree.

They gave advice, uttering cryptic warnings. They hinted many dark things: that The Kindred was ignorant of the great occult truths hidden in the secret tradition of the ancients; that it might be the unconscious tool of black magic. To all of which The Kin made answer in the ancient, accepted and arcane tradition: that it was most thankful to receive such friendly guidance; that it did not profess to any great knowledge and conversation of these deeply occult matters, but hoped it might escape the dire penalties of falling unknowingly into transcendental error.

I heard the chant coming from the place of waiting, but it was not understood:

Bull tramples the Green Field.

Become Bull.

The Green Field swallows the Dead.

Become Field.

Red is Green.*

Out of Night Day. White and Black are not the same.

Aha. Haloa. So be it.

* *The Red blood of the bull is Green grass.*

Let those that understand take up the meaning. They will know without revealing themselves.

The operative *magus* does not proclaim his initiation, disclaims “occult powers” and admits that he “knows nothing.”

Is it not the Living Thing occult (not understood, mysterious, hidden)? The Kin is a living thing.

I know The Kindred for what it is. It is not seeking the Lost World.

Let those who turn tables, read thoughts, speak with tongues, gaze into crystals and do other operations of alike nature turn away. There is nothing here for them. This is no mystical cult, occult clique, nor magical fraternity. Nor is it a secret nor semi-secret society. The Great Secret is open to all. That which is living does not look for live.

A wan spiritualisation manifest in a thousand and one “spiritisms” makes a mockery of mankind. Arise, break through, stand upright! What is this but childishness? This is that inner shapelessness of the spirit which it is the Great Work of The Kindred to mend and make whole.

The voice of Isaiah speaking again through the flesh and blood of The Kin: *And when they shall say unto you, Seek unto them that have familiar spirits and unto the wizards, that chirp and that mutter: should not a people seek unto their God? on behalf of the living should they seek unto the dead?*

Let that be the answer to all who are given over to psychic pastimes as an escape from this world, for Life will not spring

from those that seek its shadow in the shadows, but from those that have life.

IX

¶ A song to the pendragons, the good leaders, the men who read the runic characters without difficulty, without tuition; who came back from the Quiet Place.

On Hengest-dun, on Hengist-down, on Hengston-hill at sunsinking let them assemble in horseshoe-wise, treading the measured time, at the appointed place with the great banner of the Horse, wind-folding.

Leading the few out of the tumult, the earth-din, the thousand sharp, ever-ready, never-rusting brazen tongues, the thousand garrulous, loud, unceasing voices and the ignoble, wrathful, peevish fret of the doleful streets.

These few, well set to the body-song of earth-measure, spirit-quick and sothfast, moving in time with the heartbeat of the *lif-sand-drime*,* ever widen the Circle of the General Dance.

They hew out heaven-timber from the quickbeam of their own body-wit† by the stave that runs in the blood.

They receive a choir-chant from the stars on a still night after the rain.

* Life-song-joy.

† The superconscious control of the individual.

Limb-limbered and glig-hearted they have a right way and a wrong way of doing what is to be done.

The sullen ones look on, glowering, their lungs sooted up and their sluggish blood envenomed with the bilge of the black choler. Dimly they feel the threat of the Just Men who have suffered themselves to be brought back into the presence, who have recovered intelligence, who do not stand with those whose energy stains the green sod with gore.

To these who work by the *Halig Gast*, a great song and a good song, a flowing lay, fullsounding.

The sky teems wingswift with a host of angles, the saints abide in their own holy place, looking down, the dove hovers brightly shining above—and by these signs the Cup is empty of the dew-drink and the Bread-board stands without a crust.

Let the tongue be still; better the quiet hum of the dynamo, for where all men speak none is heard.

Glory to That which quickens earth-life.

These men know it, they take what is given.

Out of the towns we gather no health, a kin-shattered people, toil-ridden, listless.

For us it is to repent, to turn away and to live.

These men know it, they give what is given, they hold the remedy in their hearts.

We shall talk for ever, our strength flows away in words and weariness overtakes us.

These men look upon us and ask no questions, they
read the fret that is in us.

I asked, *Who am I? What is God? Why is Man?* For answer, the
earth-wise man plucked a handful of meadow grass and gave it
to me.

Sing, then, to those who know where to cut the willow
wand, who count rightly the number of the notches; and give
thanks to those whose body-gleam gives healing and strength.

I shall follow them because they have called me from deep
down and not by word-spinning in my head.

It is for me to learn to open the doors of my common
senses that I may understand with the pores of my skin and the
surge of my blood and the beat of my heart that wordless
wisdom without which I am a dead man.

¶ The pink plowland swells and dips and sweeps away like a
full-breasted woman lying half awake, and the shoulder of the
hill heaves up manfully, showing its muscles, with a great gash
in the white chalk—a terrible wound in the landscape.

When the willows turn and shiver the heart goes cold and a
riffle of misgiving filteres through the blood, keeping time,
gray—white, keeping time.

Is the plow just plow, and the hill just hill, and the willow
nothing but a willow in the wind?

I shall close the book and go out to the Thing Itself.

I shall let the deep velvet of the night soak up by the sodden places of the soul.

I shall come out of the wattled enclosure where I have cleansed myself and sing with Coll the Cornishman in the mysterious tongue:

O Brithi Brith oi!

—and the *geise* of the Brython shall be made known to me in a shadowed place, where there is running water, budding rods, and a flat stone.

Is there no strength whelming from the dark pines? There is a dooming over these townsfolk, the wyrd they dree is unknown to them and the bane is upon them.

¶ If there is to be a healing it will not be by clever antics of the mind, interpreting Apocalypses, making new theories, new logic, new religions, new philosophies, new systems for the world, but by the tempered spirit upthronging in singing buds from the mysterious undersong of Earth-Life; dark, unfathomable, quickening in the rick elements of the soil; slow and deeply-flowing for ever, where the mind of man comes to rest.

As it is necessary to clear out the body by regular evacuation, so it is necessary to clear out the mind in silence and solitude.

In silence and solitude The Kindred receives its instructions, and those who dare not be alone in silence are not of The Kin.

Not by ritual is there inspiration, but by ritual there is necessary remembrance. For m and ritual may not be used as a Ready Reckoner.

Let each draw apart for a time.

¶ A time to strive and a time to be at rest, to gather up strength, to be enfolded into the earth.

The leaders must draw away into the darkness, each one alone, into *Cyleb Byd* the circle of the world, into *Kibno Kéd* the cauldron of Ceridwen, mother of seeds.

The Cheerful Ones of the Ark of the World, the silent proficient, the men of complete discipline draw apart for a time from each other and from all men to be alone in the cool of the evening, to be swallowed up in the shadows.

Everyone will come at last, into the ship of the earth, but these go now while they yet live to open themselves, to unlock the spirit in timelessness, to receive the impress of the quiet world where no man is, where consciousness is not, where words are dispelled and thoughts hold no arguments but run ahead softly in supple forms, darkly.

Ah no, no, they do not lose themselves. This is not the hemlock-drink of the soul. This is the time and the place of remaking, where the exhausted mind is laid aside, entering the gloom emptied of the echoes of broken thought and mental clatter carried over from the world of day, and here the whole being is cleansed of the close associations, the nearness, the hot imprint of other personalities, encountered in the day's work.

This is the coming together again, alone, in silence. This is the right and necessary retirement.

I shall go where the great trees stand, deep into the half-light of the woods whelming upon the giant bodies of the beech. I know the place where the afterglow shines like a pale halo upon a hill, and there the ash and the elm take hold upon the earth, flinging their strength into the sky. And over the summit of the hill on slanting ground a crab tree and a crooked thorn crouch and clutch each other.

I shall come round them uneasily and pass under the ask and the elm with an intaking of breath, and so down the valley to the track that runs into a pine wood where the darkness closes in, and the feet tread noiselessly, and the lungs are filled with the scent of the hanging curtains, the needled carpet and the cones.

Neither to look, nor to hear, nor to think, but only to receive. After the work of the day, a little staggeringly, blundering without faltering through the high weeds. Neither asleep nor awake, but open. Not as one who flees the sharp flat outlines of the daytime, but as one mysterious dead; quick now to the wide friendliness of the fields and the sudden, unaccountable fears of bracken dell and chalk pit, of softly cushioned ant-heap underfoot, of blossoming elderberry bush, melting into the bewildering dust, looming again, pale and almost colourless.

Tread softly over the grass that springs out of the blood and bodies of old heroes of the Icknield Way long since gone to dust.

Back to the place of dwelling, to the encampment.

Plunge, then, into the deep sleep that knows no fitful dreaming.

THE END OF THE CONFESSION OF THE KIBBO KIFT